Firebird

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Firebird

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Music journalist Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett isn’t keen when he’s tasked with writing an editorial on one of the top bands in the world, as it will mean being on the road with them for three weeks of their tour. If that wasn’t bad enough, it turns out the band is Firebird, whose front man Igor Stravinsky, Ellis had had a fling with a decade earlier. One way or another life is about to get very interesting.

Notes

The penultimate of my fic give aways, this one prompted by the lovely resoundingecho, I had so much fun writing this!

Not really a Valentine's fic but I wanted to post something and this is kinda sweet(?) lol. Chapter 2 posting tomorrow on V-Day.

Chapter 1

Ellis let out an exasperated sigh. When Jack set his mind to something there was no going against it, and Crawford owned the damn magazine, so if he wanted to send his top journalist on the US leg of a short tour with *one of the hottest bands on the planet*, Ellis wasn't going to change his mind. But he wasn't planning to enjoy it either.

Three weeks that he wouldn't be able to get any other work done. Three weeks that he would have to spend at the whim of other people, which was not something he enjoyed one damn bit. Three weeks wrangling interviews and other behind the scenes bullshit from self obsessed idiots.

Three weeks he was not going to get cock, as he would have to be in that pesky closet lest the world's prominent rockers take exception.

This was exactly the sort of shit he hated. He'd already made his bones on long stints. Spent two damn years touring with bands when he had first started out and that had been enough. He had managed to sell enough stories to make a name for himself, and ten years on, he really didn't need that kind of work.

Except he now had a salaried job with Crawford's Dissonance magazine. In return for the steady paycheck and the good jobs, he had to take the shit ones too.

"So, which band is it?" Ellis puffed out the question, exasperated and resigned. There were three that he could think of that were about to start tours that he was aware of.

Jack looked furtive for a moment, like he was about to start looking around the room to check no one was listening, despite them being the only two people in the office.

"You need to keep this to yourself until the announcement at the end of the week," Jack spoke coolly, his eyes fixed on Ellis's.

Ellis gave a curt nod whilst resisting the urge to roll his eyes.

"It's Firebird," There was a note of excitement and elation in Jack's voice. Because of course he was ecstatic that his magazine landed this opportunity for a behind the scenes look at one of the biggest bands on the planet. A band that hadn't toured for years.

Ellis wasn't quite as enthused. In fact his blood ran cold and he felt it all drain from his face. "Firebird? But they… They haven't toured in… They were focusing on albums and… I thought they didn't plan to tour again. Just albums..."

Jack raised a brow at his uncharacteristic stammering and then breezed on, still very much caught up in the exciting news, "They haven't. But this new album apparently *must* be heard by a live audience - they want to do some live recordings. Audio and video. Hence a short

tour, a few dates in Europe, the three weeks in the US. This is a hell of an exclusive. We'll have to do an extended print run of the issue."

Ellis was nodding along, Jack was of course right but all Ellis could focus on in that moment, as the cold dread rolling in the pit of his stomach.

He tried to shake the feeling. It wasn't as if he'd never had to work with people he'd fucked before. It wasn't as if he couldn't be professional. After all, that was ten years ago and it wasn't as if it had meant anything to him. He was sure it certainly hadn't to Igor Stravinsky.

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"You must be Ellis," The good looking young man that Ellis recognised as Ivor Novello, the band's drummer, put his cigarette into his mouth so he could hold out his hand to shake.

And shake they did, perhaps a tad too long and with an interesting sparkle, almost mischievous, in the man's eyes.

Perhaps it wouldn't have to be an enforced dry spell for Ellis after all?

They broke the contact as the rest of the band and a couple of techies came into the break out area.

It was the final rehearsal, this time on the stage, before the tour started and Firebird opened for four consecutive shows at this venue to start with a bang before moving onto the next city.

Ellis had never met the rest of the band before, only Igor, but of course knew them all on sight from various press and album covers. He gave each a smile and nod as they came into the room, Ivor commenting -

"Everyone, this is Ellis, from Dissonance."

They all returned his smile or at the least gave a curt nod, even the roadies. All except Igor who, whilst he didn't scowl, seemed to bristle at the sight of him despite his having been expected.

"Hi Ellis," His line of sight to Igor was broken by the appearance of a petite, red headed woman in a sharp outfit. "I'm Freddie Lounds, the band's manager."

He shook her hand and gave her a wide grin, feeling instantly like she was someone he would gel with. Though if he was honest he'd been expecting someone older, and well, male. He was happy to be disappointed by the diversity.

She seemed vaguely familiar and he realised he'd never connected the facts before - but this was the girlfriend of Coco Chanel. He knew she and Igor had been good friends in the past and he wondered if that was how Freddie and Igor had met. Certainly worthy of a sentence in the write up at least.

"We've got a few hotels booked along the way, but there are some nights we'll be in a Winnebago overnight, so I've put you in with some of the tech crew. Hope that's alright?

You'll have your own little room of course."

"That's great, honestly, Freddie, the last time I was touring with bands we were all pretty much roughing it," He chuckled and noticed Igor shoot him a glance at that.

And there was the scowl.

He still looked the same, tight and trim - slicked back hair and round glasses. Every inch what one might assume to be the farthest from the front man that he was. He had always been unassuming in that way, it was when he was playing and he was lost to the music that he became a performer. Not that it hadn't taken him years to gain a reputation beyond people's first impression.

Yes, he was sure the man wasn't terribly keen on revisiting those rough and ready old days.

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The first shows were amazing, almost in some way enhanced by having the videographers on the stage, getting the best angles for the video. Certainly Ivor and George Gershwin, the lead guitarist were playing up to the camera. The audience ate it up, there was the most amazing energy. It gave Ellis so much material to frame the editorial with that he knew he'd end up having to cut it down.

He wasn't even sure he could capture that energy in words. All the more so when everything hushed and Igor ended the set with one of their massive hits - an almost operatic number where he took to the piano and sang.

Ellis was enchanted.

Or, well, Stravinsky was enchanting… the music, the performance. Only to be expected of a band touted as one of the top five in the world, of course.

Ellis hated the way his thoughts stumbled over Igor. They'd had little more than a few of weeks of fucking a decade ago, and since he'd joined them for the tour the man barely said two words to him.

He was his usual cold and stoic self. Untouchable, unreachable. Not that Ellis wanted to do either of those things. Perhaps there had been a time back when…

Ellis resolutely refused to let his mind delve into the past. It was pointless and unnecessary.

"Pointless and unnecessary," Igor's cool tone wasn't directed at him, though he was sure the man didn't give a damn that he could be overheard.

"Oh Igor, you are an ass. What's the point in the tour if we don't maximise the publicity from it?" Ivor's words made Eliis realise Igor had likely been referring to him.

They were all sat in the communal Winnebago that essentially served as a moving office. This one had no bedrooms, just a large breakout area with a TV, a large meeting table and then lots of little sectional areas that could be used as required. Ellis had decided to occupy

one for a nap after the pit stop they had taken for lunch. Ivor and Igor, at the least, had apparently taken up occupancy in the next one, a movable partition between them.

“You sound like Freddie,” Igor grumbled.

Ivor chuckled at that, a warm and joyous sound that Ellis quite liked. He wondered if Igor couldn’t do with some of Novello’s good humour rubbing off on him. Certainly seemed like the man’s disposition could be improved by something rubbing off on him at the least.

Igor grumbled again but the words were too low for him to hear, even so Ivor responded, “You’re being very hard on him. He’s an incredibly talented journalist, in fact we really couldn’t have hoped for better.” There was a thoughtful pause before Ivor added, “And I for one have found him very pleasant to be around.”

Another inaudible grumble from Igor and then the sound of movement as, it appeared, he rose and walked away.

*

Ellis had been dreading this.

He’d told himself over and over not to, that he should treat Igor as he would anyone else and not give a fig what the man thought of him.

But that was easier said than done. The personal interviews had so far been incredibly easy in most respects. He was, for the main, going by rote - asking the questions the fans wanted answered. Some were simple, others more intrusive, but he was finding the balance between entertainment and privacy. He was damn good at his job - always managing to get those little bits of information without anyone being compromised.

Ivor had been a lot easier than expected. He had heard the man was fairly open about his sexuality since coming out a couple of years earlier. Even so he hadn’t really done any interview since then. At most he’d been photographed at LGBTQ+ fundraising and awareness events, and of course that one time shirtless on the dancefloor of a notorious gay club. And really that had to be Ellis’s angle, and maybe it helped that he made it clear in his questioning that he was gay too, but Ivor was more than happy to answer many questions about his sexuality and love life within the scope of the impact on his career.

It was likely to get a double page spread to itself and Ellis already talked to his photographer about setting up an accompanying shoot - rainbows and tight shirts, the whole stereotypical nine yards for the cishet readers to feel comfortable - then hit them with the cold reality of even this man’s struggle, in the text.

Gershwin and Debussy had been, as expected, a little more sedate. Though by far George was the more interesting of the two, the liveliest thing between them being Gershwin’s stint in musical theatre.

And that left Igor. Who had already put Ellis off several times over the course of the first week or so of the tour. Until Ellis had talked to Freddie who had talked to Igor in no

uncertain terms.

In truth, Ellis just wanted it to be over with the bare minimum of effort or contact. But Igor was the band's front man, so really he had to work it. If Ivor was going to get a double page spread (Debussy and Gershwin a page each - with lots of photos), then Igor had to have a spread too and Ellis didn't plan to look like a shitty journalist by just having it as a pictorial.

When Igor knocked on the door to his hotel room Ellis realised his palms were a little sweaty before he even opened the door.

He clenched his jaw, smoothed his fingers over his moustache and then opened the door to be greeted by a sullen and hostile Igor Stravinsky.

Ellis found himself letting out an exasperated sigh as he opened the door wide enough to welcome the man, "Do come in."

Igor gave a curt nod of acknowledgement and did as requested, Ellis indicating the little seating area in the room - a sofa and coffee table. Ellis already has his dictaphone and notebook laid out, quickly taking both up as they sat.

One of them misjudged the distance because they were a lot closer than Ellis had certainly anticipated and for a moment that threw him.

He cleared his throat and tried not to let it show.

"Do you mind?" He asked, indicating the dictaphone, "it's more an aid to memory than anything else."

Igor gave another nod and Ellis flipped the switch and sat back.

"Igor Stravinsky… You're the lead singer and pianist for one of the world's most famous bands. That must get overwhelming? How do you deal with that level of fame and notoriety?"

"I'm a very private person," Was his only reply. Not quite an answer, and giving Ellis very little lead into another question. His reclusivity was fairly well known and hardly newsworthy. Ellis needed much more to work with and so did Igor if he expected to get the publicity Freddie expected from this.

"You prefer your own company and are dedicated to you music. Do you have any time for personal relationships? Family friends?"

"No. I'm a very private person."

"A very talented person who people admire and take an interest in, surely there must be someone special in your life," Ellis paused before going in for the kill, "rumours have linked you many times with prominent fashion designer, Coco Chanel. Is there any truth there?"

Ellis didn't know why he was pushing other than to get under the man's skin, knowing for a fact the rumours to be false. But it was hard to resist poking the bear and annoying him to be

petty and childish because the man wasn't playing ball.

Igor looked enraged in that quiet way he had.

"No," He ground out the word and Ellis considered stopping but couldn't help himself.

"No Coco? Or no special someone at all? That seems incredible for a catch such as yourself, why is that?"

"You know why," Igor growled the words that Ellis hadn't realised he'd been pushing for. In fact he was a little taken aback and his heart stopped for half a beat.

He really should stop but he replied, "But I can't print it, or can I?"

Stravinsky stood up, clearly fuming. His body rigid as he smoothed down his waistcoat, turned sharply and strode from the room with more dignity than Ellis clearly had.

Ellis took a deep breath, letting it out as a heavy sigh. He stopped the dictaphone and erased the interview.

*

Ellis could kick himself.

He had no interview with the front man, a looming deadline - his leg of the tour was already half way done - and little chance of Igor agreeing to another interview.

Despite his gentle attempts, he wasn't able to manage the man. Igor would not be managed and that was something Ellis was very good at doing, usually.

Following another slight, Ellis let out an exasperated puff before lighting his cigarette and leaning against the side of the Winnebago. The evening's show had been another success and everyone was exhausted, so he'd hoped to catch Igor on the back foot. But alas, it was not his night.

"Don't mind Igor. He's… He means well. He's a little cold," Novello hoped down from the vehicle and plucked the cigarette from Ellis's mouth, drawing upon it himself before placing it back and exhaling the smoke. He took Ellis's arm and lead him into the hotel as some of the staff brought their cases in.

Two nights here to rest before moving onto the next show venue.

The bellhop took them up to the cluster of suites that they had booked, whilst Ivor continued to speak thoughtfully about Igor.

"Once you get to know him… Well, he's always like that. Music is… well it's everything to him. To us all of course, to an extent. But, it consumes Igor, it's his life, that's where all the passion goes. It's all he does day in and day out and then he goes to bed and dreams about it," Ivor chortled.

Ellis nodded his understanding as they approached the suites and could hear the deep tones of a piano. The door was open as they passed and Ivor stopped them to watch as Igor played like a man possessed.

“Yes, he was always like that,” Ellis mumbled, more to himself than anything and then glad when Ivor clearly hadn’t heard him over the music.

Never room in Igor’s life for anything other than music. He knew that all too well.

“Don’t worry,” Ivor turned to him and flashed a smile. “I’ll talk to him, get him to sit down for five minutes for an interview.” Ivor paused, his smile tweaking up on one side. “In the meantime, we have a free evening, or what’s left of it. Would you care for a drink?”

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Ellis woke, barely remembering the night before.

They had considered the hotel bar, he remembered. But it was busy and Ivor was too well known for them to have enjoyed it. So they had ended up in the main suite, joined by George, Freddie, and at some later point once the alcohol was already in full flow, Igor.

He vaguely remembered flirting with Ivor, being glared at by Igor, and then being puked on by Ivor. Debussy, boring fart that he was, turned up at one point to tell them all off for the noise.

He remembered being helped to bed, completely unsure as to which room he was actually checked into as he hadn’t yet visited it.

He must have been incredibly pissed, he surmised, because he was still drunk when he woke up. He could feel the icy tendrils of a hangover snaking towards him, but they hadn’t reached yet. He was endlessly thankful for this, most especially when he realised he was next to a lovely warm body. Novello? Must be, did they fuck? If he was so drunk that he couldn’t remember then he was sure he wouldn’t have been able to get it up. Still, no point in denying themselves now.

A little movement towards the sleeping figure revealed that Ellis was stripped to his boxers. He usually slept nude, so it was likely someone else had undressed him.

Ivor, from what he could tell, was in flannel pyjama bottoms and a tight tank that stretched across his broad back. Wasn’t quite what he’d expected of the man, but he wasn’t going to let that stop him from snaking a hand over his hip and then around his waist as he spooned in behind him.

Ellis tucked his face into the crook of the man’s neck and was surprised to inhale and find that he didn’t reek of booze, as he was sure he did himself. Maybe Ivor hadn’t been quite as drunk as he had been then? Maybe he’d vomited it all out of his system? Was that a thing? His mind was still too boozy to unpuzzle it.

The man stirred a little and pushed back on Ellis's now straining dick. It was half hard the moment he took up his position as big spoon, and trying to go the whole way but for the booze. Ellis ground it against the man's ass in response anyway, such a delightful feeling. Maybe he could get hard enough to fuck him before they had to get back to their respective work - Ivor rehearsing and Ellis trying to pin Igor down to another interview.

Ellis rutted gently, his cock lining perfectly along the crease of the man's ass as it grew a little harder.

Another movement back, with a groan this time, low and familiar.

He knew that groan…

Ellis blinked, trying to focus his soused and sleep heavy eyes, moving enough to look over the man's shoulder.

Igor.

Damn and blast!

His cock twitched in response and was almost completely hard within a moment, the traitorous fucker. Perhaps it was the feel of this against his ass that had the previously sleeping Igor's eyes flutter for a moment.

And then they opened. Wide.

"Ellis?" Igor growled his name, a reprimand it seemed, but Ellis's cock throbbed all the same and his hips gave a slight and involuntary thrust. "For the love of god, man!"

Igor turned violently, shoving Ellis off of him and glowering the whole time, pulling sheets up to cover him entirely, as though some blushing damsel.

"Are you some sort of wild beast?!"

Ellis chuckled and rolled onto his back, he dearly needed a cigarette. He scrubbed a hand over his face and looked up at the ceiling, all to aware that his now rock hard dick was tenting the sheet over his waist, not that he cared one jot.

He turned his head to look at Igor, though the man was also looking directly at the ceiling, his face flushed. Ellis resisted the temptation to look down to see if he was also tenting the sheets.

"Sorry old chap, thought you were Novello," Ellis said, a cruellness to the jovial words, because of course he couldn't help but be an asshole in that moment. A moment where he should have perhaps done anything other than say such a thing?

Igor moved slowly and deliberately out of the bed, heading towards his ensuite bathroom, he didn't turn back when he said, "Get out."

But before he got to the door he stopped, and Ellis wondered where this was going to go. Without turning to look Igor added, “I know it’s too much to ask that you keep your dick in your pants, but for everyone’s sake, I’d appreciate it if you could at least attempt to remain sober for the rest of this tour.”

Igor was gone before Ellis could form a snide retort, having to settle instead with an indignant huff before rolling out of the bed to find the rest of his clothes.

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It was fairly late in the afternoon when Ellis overheard Ivor and Igor talking once more. Ivor sounded rough as old boots, and as far as he was aware, had only recently emerged from his room.

Ellis had been about to walk into the main suite when he heard them, which explained why the piano playing had stopped a few minutes earlier. Ellis had assumed Igor had taken a break and perhaps left. He wasn’t exactly trying to avoid the man, but he wasn’t pursuing him either - which of course he should be for that interview.

He stopped beyond the door when he heard the talking.

“You’re being a damn prig over all this you know,” Ivor sounded exasperated where he might normally put a jovial spin on the words, or at least that had been Ellis’s impression. “He’s just trying to do his job.”

“I don’t believe his job involves getting drunk and losing all sense of decorum,” Igor growled, at which Ivor did let out a chuckle.

“Come man, you’re overreacting. He woke next to a warm body and thought his luck was in, you can hardly blame him for that, he doesn’t seem the type to ravage someone once the situation was clear.” There was a pause, during which Ivor clearly took a puff of his cigarette before continuing, “How did he end up in your room anyway old chap?”

There was a tease there and Ellis felt his cheeks heat. He wouldn’t mind knowing the answer to that either.

“What was I supposed to do? Leave him to wander the corridors. Everyone had either gone to bed or was inebriated beyond all reason. When Claude shuffled you off I was left alone, and responsible for him-”

“So you took him to your bed?” Ivor gasped the words in fake horror before he chuckled again.

Igor let out an angry and frustrated huff, “I did not know which room was his, I was not going to let him loose to inflict himself on the other guests of this hotel. So I did what I felt was necessary,” Igor’s response was firm and brook no argument. And yet…

“I’m sure he’d have been perfectly comfortable on one of the rather large and clearly serviceable sofas in here,” Ivor spoke smugly of the suite facilities. And of course he wasn’t

wrong.

Had Igor wanted him in his room?

Ellis wasn't sure he was willing to find out, turning instead and heading back to his room.

*

Ellis couldn't help but let his mind wander.

Decade old memories of moving his hands over Igor's body, exploring each other in turn and feeling each other come apart at the seams as they brought themselves to the edge and over it, gripped his mind.

He couldn't shake memories of it, but was thankful that it was at least thoughts only, not feelings. No, they had been long ignored and had died out many years before. Of course they had.

Ellis was startled by the knock at his door, taking so long to react that a second knock came, with a definite impatient edge.

He rolled from the bed and went to the door, opening it enough to see who knocked, before widening it to let them in.

"If I'm honest I was expecting Ivor," Ellis chortled, once more unable to hold back the words he suspected might cut to the quick.

"Just be sure that when you print your story you don't get the two of our names mixed up," Igor replied tersely, "You wouldn't be the first hack to do so."

Ellis laughed at that, never one to take an insult in anything other than good humour.

"And may I ask to what do I owe the honour of your visit?"

Igor had stepped to the centre of the room but now stopped and turned, looking at Ellis as though trying to decide what to say.

"I want to apologise for earlier, though I think your behaviour still needs some addressing. It was clear that you had mistaken me and the situation was… unusual."

"To say the least," Ellis grinned and let the door close as he moved towards Igor.

Damn he wanted to kiss the man. Wanted to stop his incessant needling by occupying his mouth in some more pleasant fashion.

There was silence and both was clearly waiting for the other to fill it.

"I guess that's all," Igor finally said and began back towards the door.

For a moment Ellis hesitated in moving from the man's path and they brushed within a hair's breadth of each other. It sent a shiver over his skin and it took everything he had not to stop Igor from leaving.

Memories once more surfaced of how physically compatible they had been. How much they'd enjoyed each other's bodies in the short time they had been together back then. They made Ellis's breath catch and he didn't let out the exhale until Igor was gone from the room.

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The tension between them, as they hurtled towards the end of the second week of shows, was deeper than ever. Though it was clear to Ellis that it had moved from outright hostility to a much more insidious thing - sexual tension. And likely not one they should attempt to resolve, as much as Ellis wanted to.

Ellis had stopped watching every show from backstage, telling himself he had all the material he needed in that regard but actually attempting to limited the amount of arousal he was experiencing. Because when Igor let loose on stage… It was mesmerising, even his dick thought so.

And so, Ellis wasn't there the night Igor was nearly assaulted by a crazy fan, he heard about it a few hours later in the communal Winnebago from George Gershwin.

George didn't have many details as he and Claude had already left the area, but Igor and Ivor had been mobbed by fans. All had been fine until someone tried to make a grab at Igor, security had stepped in and all hell had broken loose, apparently.

They were travelling through the night and at the next pit stop those of them remaining in the mobile common room-come-office made their way to their own winnie's to get to bed. It was the early hours of the morning and it had been a long day, everyone was tired. So no one really noticed when Ellis went to Igor's Winnebago rather than his own, and he wasn't sure he would care if they had.

He knocked lightly, hoping that Igor would open before they needed to set off again, and was thankful when he did on the slightly louder second knock.

Igor had clearly been sleeping and looked a little crazed, like a man woken in the middle of the night after having been attacked earlier in the day. Ellis felt like an idiot.

"Are you alright?" He asked, stepping up into the vehicle before Igor could protest. He shut the door behind him as Igor wandered back through his living space.

It was basic, not overly personalised, but of course as luxurious as them all. There was an expensive keyboard set up in the living room section and next to it was a coffee table littered with scribbled musical scores.

"Don't you ever switch off from it?" Ellis wondered aloud as he took it in, already knowing the answer to his question. One which Igor ignored.

“Is there a reason you have woken me?”

Ellis opened his mouth but no words came out as he studied the man. Was there a reason? What the hell was he even doing there?

Igor looked harried and there was a sadness in his eyes. He looked physically fine other than holding himself a little awkwardly, which might have just been tiredness.

“I… came to see if you were okay. I heard there was some bother after the show,” Ellis admitted.

Igor huffed and raised a brow, “And we’re such good friends that you care.”

“I… Igor, am I that much of an asshole that you would doubt my sincerity? We don’t have to be friends for me to care about something happening to someone I’m essentially working with,” Ellis didn’t even feel the conviction in his own words and Igor’s brow raised further.

Igor seemed about to say something, likely something rather cutting, when suddenly the engine roared to life and the vehicle pulled off. Ellis kept his feet despite the jerky motion given that the speed was slow, but Igor lost his balance.

Without hesitation Ellis moved forward and caught Igor before he could fall, wrapping his arms around the man’s upper body.

Igor cried out and in a panic not to hurt him but equally not to let him fall, Ellis fell. They landed on the large sofa that wrapped one end of the room, Ellis loosening his hold as they went, breaking Igor’s fall.

“I’m sorry, are you okay?” Ellis asked quickly, concerned.

Igor nodded even as he seated himself properly and held onto his right arm with a wince.

“Security were a bit overzealous, nearly dislocated my shoulder in their heavy handed attempt to rescue me,” Igor mumbled the words as though angry at both the situation and having to relay it to Ellis.

Ellis resisted the urge to reach out and hold Igor, not that it would have much effect on his pain, other than potentially make it worse. So he settled for asking, “Is there anything I can do?”

Igor eyed him for a moment before ignoring the question and asking, “What *are* you doing here?”

Ellis sighed, “I already told you I came to check on you, I was… worried.” It was hard to admit.

Igor narrowed his eyes.

“What’s your angle?”

“Angle?” Ellis kept his tone friendly but confused despite knowing exactly what Igor meant.

“You always have an angle Ellis, a point of use. Would this do well in your editorial?” Igor clenched his jaw.

“It hadn’t occurred to me,” And truly it hadn’t though he knew Igor wasn’t likely to believe that.

“Don’t think that I’m as unaware now of your reputation as I was when we first met,” Igor pushed, quiet fury in his voice at Ellis’s perceived wrongdoing.

And he couldn’t let that go. Yes he’d had a reputation back then, and it wasn’t wholly undeserved. He categorically never slept with anyone for a story, but there were times when he slept with people he’d met in the course of a story and the cards had fallen where they may.

Igor was one of those people. He’d adored the man’s passion, seeing him only once on stage before knowing he had to have him in his bed. And he’d liked him. Over those few weeks when he slept with no one else but Igor, when he’d actually started to wonder if there was more to them than just sex, he’d grown to like him a lot. But he had learned no one would ever be as important to Igor as his music and he wasn’t sure he could do that. He wasn’t sure now but back then he certainly couldn’t have been less than the absolute focus of anyone’s attention, even a casual fling.

Was that what it had been? In the end it was regardless of what Ellis had felt or wanted at the time.

Ellis shook his head and gave a darkly amused huff, “It was so easy for you to find a reason to hate me, when really the truth was you would never love me as much as your music.”

Igor looked shocked at his words. Genuinely shocked as though it was something Ellis had made up and their past was completely different to how he remembered it.

He looked for a moment as though he was going to argue it and Ellis was ready, his blood already thrumming through his veins, but then the Winnebago swerved.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Igor and Ellis are physically thrown into each other's path...

The swerve had been gentle, likely the driver avoiding some debris in the road, but even so, perched as they were on the edge of the seat, they had fallen together.

It happened so quickly.

Ellis had put out his arms to catch the injured Igor, and they had come together in that way, Igor in his arms - their faces oh so very close. Then Igor's lips parted slightly, perhaps to cry out in pain, and Ellis found himself pressing his own to them.

It was only as they kissed that Ellis realised what he was doing, what he had instinctively done. He was about to pull back when Igor started kissing him back, pressing their bodies together. Ellis didn't dare push any further for fear of either hurting Igor, putting him off or both. Instead he allowed Igor to push him back onto the wide sofa, a sharp grunt of pain as he did.

Ellis accepted it all as Igor straddled him, grinding their rapidly hardening cocks together as his kisses turned demanding and hungry. Igor was a starving man and Ellis was the first good meal he'd seen in a long while.

Igor broke the kiss suddenly, sitting up to frantically start pulling at his belt with his good hand.

"Help me," He demanded as he struggled. Ellis jumped to action then, taking over from Igor in undoing his belt and trousers, before seeing to his own. Igor was fishing out his own cock by the time Ellis had opened his fly.

"Please," Igor growled, "My arm…"

Ellis nodded frantically, breathing heavily and fairly unable to speak. He pulled his own cock free, and then took them both quickly in hand. The press of their cocks against one another was maddeningly good.

It was rough and dry but they were both thrusting wildly into his fist before he had chance to resolve that. Igor's face was a balance of agony and ecstasy as his arm clearly continued to pain him. And part of Ellis knew they should stop for that reason alone, much less the many, many others.

Looking up at his pained expression, biting at his lower lip as he all but rode Ellis, Igor looked so beautiful it hurt. All hard lines and sharp edges, slowly softening as his neat hair started to fall forward.

Ellis had to stop himself muttering sweet nothings, content instead to take pleasure in Igor's pleasure, which didn't seem to be all that marred by the pain he was in.

A slew of Russian words was followed by a sharp cry as Igor added the hand of his good arm to Ellis's and started to jerk them more furiously. Which was enough for Ellis. The touch of Igor's hand on his dick was apparently the end of the show as he came in thick ropes across his shirt.

Igor groaned at the sight and didn't let up even as Ellis began to wince and whimper at the oversensitivity of the last few strokes it took for Igor's hot release to join his own.

Cocks still in their joined hands, they stilled, panting and trying to collect themselves. Perhaps waiting for the other to speak first.

It was a good minute before Ellis finally steeled himself to state the obvious, "I'm sorry, we shouldn't have-"

His words were stolen in a kiss as Igor leaned down onto him, making sure no weight was on his bad arm as their come squished between them. The kiss was slow and tender, a sweet contrast to their frantic fucking of minutes earlier.

After a few minutes Igor pulled back, frowning as he said in a rather commanding tone, "Don't speak. No good ever comes of you speaking. We have several more hours to go until the next stop."

Ellis didn't respond, not even a nod, instead laying still and letting Igor kiss him again.

*

Walking around a moving Winnebago was something he had become fairly accustom to since the start of the tour, so it couldn't surely be that that made Ellis's stomach flip as Igor had lead him by the hand through to his bedroom.

They didn't come again, and Ellis felt no loss for it, instead kissing and touching. Spending a few tender hours getting to know the shape of each other again, a decade older.

Ellis enjoyed the appreciative noises that Igor made as his hands roamed, reminding him of how the man used to melt like warm honey for him. Ellis had practically been a twink when they had been intimate before, but he had filled out here and there over the years, which Igor seemed not to mind.

They lay in each others arms, smoking a shared cigarette when they finally began to talk again.

Ellis decided to avoid any subjects he thought might raise Igor's ire - which were plentiful. "The tour has been very successful so far." He winced at his own words.

Igor caught the wince and so his hard features softened to a little amusement at Ellis's awkwardness. "The audiences are enjoying it and we're getting fantastic sound and footage, as hoped. Are you enjoying it?"

His smiled betrayed the tease of his words. A bait.

"Would you mind if I did? If I bought all your albums and mooned over a poster of you?" Ellis asked drolly.

"Years ago I would have," A stoic reply as Igor took the cigarette back from Ellis.

"And now?"

"I mind even more," The words sounded like a slow thaw, ending with humour. Ellis found a smile on Igor's lips when he looked at him, he was being teased.

"I like you like this," Ellis admitted before he could think to stop the words.

Igor raised an eyebrow and gave a questioning glance before taking another drag of the cigarette.

"Peaceful," Ellis clarified.

Igor stubbed out the cigarette onto the bedside table and leaned in to kiss Ellis again. Slow and soft, Ellis slid his hand to Igor's cheek and held him there. No intent on going further, no need surely? Slow and steady, they weren't as young as they used to be and there was so much water under the bridge since then.

However, Ellis hadn't realised there was an expiry period on this intimacy. It hadn't occurred to him that once the Winnebago stopped, so did this. Yet once more.

*

The following two days were excruciating. Igor wasn't being unfriendly, but was mostly ignoring him and, Ellis was sure, avoiding him.

The day of rest had improved Igor's arm from what he could tell at a distance, though he was a little sluggish on stage, which he knew Igor would be livid about.

And damn it all, Ellis found himself wanting to offer comfort over it, but instead he kept the distance Igor seemed to have imposed. In fact he wanted so much more than to offer comfort that it was clearly best to stay away.

He had felt Igor's passion, his hot flesh pressed against his own once more, and the thought of being denied that connection in future, struck a pain deep within him. But he had learned his lesson years ago when it came to persuing Igor Stravinsky.

Ellis expected no further contact, a break as there had been a decade ago.

So he was surprised when, at almost midnight, there was a light knock on his hotel room door. The band and crew had not long checked in after the concert, he knew. But he had left earlier, having a lot of material now and realising he was only staying to watch each night again to see Igor. The photographer could capture anything of interest. He was better off writing up what he had in his hotel room whilst he had chance. The Winnebago was fine, but sharing with a few others made writing hard work.

Ellis got up from his desk and stubbed out his cigarette before making his way to the door, hoping for Igor, but with a strange concern - that would have been interest a week ago - that it might be Ivor instead.

“We haven’t done the interview,” Igor’s words were sheepish but immediate on Ellis’s opening the door.

“Now?” Ellis asked, his heart skipping a beat as - much as he hated to admit it.

“No,” Igor replied hastily, “Not now, tomorrow. We’re not rehearsing until after lunch I’ve been told, so we have the morning. I thought I should let you know.”

“And you came to tell me at so late an hour?” Ellis couldn’t help his grin, wondering what Igor meant by the late intrusion.

“I knew you’d be up writing,” Igor stated plainly. The words made Ellis ache, how well they had come to know each other all those years ago. How much had they changed in the basics since then?

There was silence then and Igor looked down at his feet, still stood in the doorway. It took a moment for Ellis to react, and that reaction was to open the door wider.

“Would you like to come in?”

“No,” Again an abrupt and immediate answer, Igor looking sharply at him. He was unsure which of them he clearly didn’t trust in this situation.

“Sure,” Ellis nodded, “I shall see you in the morning then.”

He watched as Igor didn’t so much as hesitate as he strode back off down the corridor.

*

Ellis couldn’t help but replay in his mind the moment Igor walked away. Should he have called him back or gone after him?

Probably not after days of being ignored. But it reminded him so much of before, of when he had watched Igor leave and then not seen him again for a decade.

But if he had come to his room, perhaps that was Igor wanting to build a bridge between them? Maybe he had wanted Ellis to go after him? It didn’t matter now, as Ellis walked the corridor towards Igor’s room.

The door was already slightly ajar to Igor's suite, as though expecting him, and he could hear Igor playing the piano. This time it was in his private room as there was no communal area as in previous hotels, though Ivor's suite seemed to always double as a social area.

Ellis found himself glad of it. The interview would be easier if they were alone and not worried that someone might wander in and turn on a television or something whilst they were trying to talk.

Ellis let himself in, and noticed his palms were a little sweaty as he pushed the door gently closed. At the click of the automatic lock, Igor's playing stopped.

They looked at each other for a moment and Igor went to rise.

"No, it's alright, go ahead and play if you like. If you don't mind my asking questions at the same time."

Igor shook his head, though he sat back down at the piano, closing the lid.

"I'm working on a piece, I don't wish to divide my attention," Igor's words were a little cold and Ellis hated that but had expected it.

"Do you mind?" Ellis asked, indicating the dictaphone in his hand before pulling a chair over to the piano.

Igor shook his head, giving Ellis his undivided attention. It was a little unnerving. But Ellis cleared his throat, pressed record and jumped right in.

"You're the frontman of one of the biggest bands in the world, you clearly are passionate about making music. But would it be fair to say that your biggest passion is composing?"

Igor went from looking as stoic as ever, to surprised. Possibly even pleasantly so.

"Yes, that would be fair to say. Music is an art and as much as I enjoy performance, it is the creation that I enjoy the most," Igor visibly relaxed as he spoke.

"And do you compose on paper?" Ellis continued.

"No, I always start at the piano. To feel the music in my fingers." As though to demonstrate, Igor ran his hand lightly over the closed lid and Ellis could practically feel the touch along his skin.

Ellis smiled, trying to ignore the pull within his chest.

"A hot topic of debate at the moment is the insurance of body parts. Legs for soccer players and the such, our readers would be interested to know if you vocal chords or perhaps hands are insured?"

Igor let out a chuckle and Ellis knew it was heartfelt amusement that Ellis was actually doing his job.

“Don’t worry, there are less boring questions,” Ellis grinned and enjoyed Igor chuckling again.

They went on this way for a while, a good interview. And no real flirtation but… something. Something deeper perhaps, because it was slowly starting to ramp up to sexual tension once more - as far as Ellis was concerned at least.

Ellis looked down at his notes, he’d asked everything and then some. He had enough to frame a really good piece, focused on the passion for music, with a few tidbits he was sure had never been printed about Igor or the band before.

A success, finally. But it still didn’t feel like enough. There were more questions Ellis had and somehow he found the nerve to ask them.

Ellis stopped the dictaphone and put down his notebook, very precise movements before he settled and looked at Igor.

“Off the record now,” Ellis said coolly, “What is this thing between us?”

Igor went immediately cold and rigid, Ellis practically saw the moment he withdrew into himself.

“I see,” Ellis couldn’t help the cutting tone as he began to gather his notebook and pen.

“The other night, was a mistake. My fault and I should have apologised…” Igor started but then faltered and looked away.

Ellis huffed a laugh and shook his head, “Of course. Just as before. I will try to remain out of your way so you can avoid temptation.” He’d gone for levity but there was an inescapably bitter note there too.

“Ellis,” Igor sounded pained and he motioned for him to remain seated. Clearly they really were going to talk about this.

“Before, when we knew each other from that tour I… we were just starting out and never dreamed we would have this fame. I wasn’t sure how… If I could be open about my sexuality.”

“Ivor’s been managing just fine,” Ellis scoffed at the trite answer.

“Not back then, he wasn’t out then and we didn’t know,” Igor shook his head. “It doesn’t matter I wasn’t about to risk my career by coming out for someone who might not be there in the morning. Someone to whom I was nothing more than a notch in a bedpost.”

Ellis was so startled by the accusation he physically reeled.

“I beg your pardon? You were never…” The words dissolved as his throat broke in anger.

“Don’t Ellis, just don’t. Everyone knew you would sleep with anything with a pulse. And then that last morning before I left. In your room, your friend came by and I hid. But I

overheard the whole thing."

There was so much venom in Igor's words that Ellis felt chilled. He racked his brains trying to remember what he had said a decade ago that was so offensive.

"What in god's name are you talking about?" Ellis growled his frustration.

Igor huffed and shook his head.

"Your bill. For the hotel room."

Ellis frowned, trying to recall and then the memory popped into his mind only for the reason that Lester had looked so amusingly scandalised.

"The manager of this establishment has furnished me with these accounts. Take them!" Lester thrust the paper at him, but Ellis made no move to touch them.

"You know I can't pay them, we had an arrangement."

"I agreed to help you cover some costs for this stint, but… champagne, two bottles. Brandy, one bottle. Breakfast for five!" The indignation and rising redness was a wonderful thing.

"That's actually quite a funny story" Ellis chuckled.

"I don't want to hear it."

And from there the subject had changed and Ellis had hurried the man away so that he and Igor might spend another hour together at least. But Igor had turned cold, made an excuse about needing to leave, when earlier it had not been a problem. Ellis had watched him walk away, not realising it was the last time he would see the man he had become so fond of.

"I haven't the foggiest what issue you took with Lester Lawrence paying my bill. You knew I was a struggling writer then, I never hid that from you." Ellis kept his voice more level than he wanted to.

"Not that. The breakfast for five. When had that been? The morning before, or the one before that? We grabbed days here and there were schedules coincided, but clearly I had been mistaken in thinking you'd stopped fucking other people once we'd started… Once we'd…" Igor looked away and heavily dropped his balled fist onto the piano lid.

Ellis was gobsmacked.

He picked up his things and stood, warring with himself over whether to say anything further but unable to hold it in as he got to the door. Standing with his back to Igor he began to speak.

“Yes, I have been known to be promiscuous. Yes, there was a day in that hotel where breakfast for five was ordered. And yes, it was after a rather exhausting, if titillating, night of carnal pleasure,” Ellis admitted, before gritting out the next words, “Several weeks before I even met you! I’d been putting off that bill almost since I arrived at the hotel. When we started fucking, as apparently that was all it was, I did not sleep with anyone else. All I wanted was you, more than I’d have liked in fact. You have always been the biggest regret of my life and I have spent a decade thinking that you felt the same but walked away because you couldn’t come out back then and knew I wasn’t about to go back in the closet.”

Ellis wanted to turn and look at the man, but knew he couldn’t if he had any chance of keeping his resolve.

“I understood that. And I would have never have pushed you. I might have even waited if you’d asked me to. But you walked away and I respected that. I didn’t go after you, I did as I assumed you wanted, and pretended as though nothing happened between us.”

He turned then, and fixed his sharp gaze on Igor trying to ignore the combination of hurt and anger in Igor’s expression.

“But something had. For weeks things had happened between us. Enough for me to know that I…” His words dried as his throat constricted. Ellis shook his head, “It doesn’t matter now. All these years you’ve hated me and… what even was the other day? One last romp for old times sake?”

“Ellis, I…” Igor looked pained but he had no words and neither did Ellis any more.

“I have everything I need, I don’t need to continue with the tour. The photographer can stay, there’s no need for me to be here,” Ellis forced the words out before letting himself out.

*

Ellis didn’t leave immediately, despite that being exactly what he wanted to do. Instead he took some time to pack everything. Checking all his notes and recordings to make sure he really did have everything, because it really wasn’t worth his hide.

Rehearsals would start after lunch, then one more night in this hotel and the band move on, without him.

Ellis packed his bag, planning on checking out as soon as the band headed off for rehearsals. And he was firm in that, a determined person he wasn’t usually easily swayed. But then there was a knock at his door.

He was both relieved and disappointed to see Ivor standing there, looking somewhat amused.

Novello pushed his way into Ellis’s room and took in the confirmation he’d apparently been seeking. He walked over to the suitcase on the bed and inspected it before flipping it shut.

“So, Igor really did chase you away,” The amusement seemed tinged with something like frustration.

“He does that a lot then?” Ellis guessed as he closed the door, moving back to his case to continue packing.

“No… I mean, he never really sees anyone. A few flings here and there, but of course no one can compete with music for his affections. Or at least I thought so…”

Ellis looked up to find Ivor studying him, a curious and still amused look on his face.

“I can’t say I don’t see what he likes about you. I’d have gone for you myself for a nice little fuckation whilst on this tour, had there not been something between you and Igor.”

“He told you?” Ellis asked, normally not giving two figs who knew what intimate details, but the thought of Igor talking about their moments together now, or in the past, made him feel quite unwell.

“Ha! Like getting blood from a stone old chap,” Ivor dropped down onto the bed, reclining comfortably as he continued. “He didn’t so much as mention it as I noticed that he was like a magnet on the fritz. Sometimes he was so obviously drawn to you it was amazing he was able to stop himself racing across any room you shared, and other times he was repelled so hard away from you I was surprised he wasn’t winded. It was damn amusing to observe, until I realised what was going on. Can I bum a cigarette?”

Ellis nodded and picked up the pack next to his bed, throwing it over to Ivor.

He didn’t want to admit how much it tested his patience waiting for the man to continued. Which, once he had sparked up and taken his first drag, he did.

“I realised this was Igor mooning over someone, and when I asked him about it, he became even more gruff than I have ever encountered,” Ivor chuckled. “So, of course, as his dear friend, I pushed until he admitted that you had known each other previously. Intimately,” Ivor paused for dramatic affect, “and that it had sadly ended. Your being here threw him into something of a turmoil.”

“Him and me both,” Ellis muttered under his breath and went back to packing.

“Hmm,” Ivor agreed.

“So, why are you here? Just being a busy body or have you come to warn me not to stay?”

Ivor chuckled, “You both have such a penchant for the dramatic, truly a perfect match,” He let out a heavy sigh. “No Ellis, I just wanted to come and see for myself.”

“See what?” Ellis tried to keep the annoyance from his words as he continued to furiously pack and repack the things he had so poorly just packed.

“That you’re in love with him. As much as he’s in love with you, which I guess is as much as one can be after a decade’s old fling and whatever this thing is that you have happening right now.”

When Ellis looked, he expected to see an amused grin, but instead Ivor wore a gentle smile.

“Why are you leaving, Ellis?” He asked softly.

Ellis shook his head, “It doesn’t matter now. It’s clear that whatever Igor and I had… might have had, he’d prefer to believe the worst of me and not put his trust in me.”

“You do have a rather colourful reputation from what I can gather,” Ivor countered, “And Igor is… Well, he will look for any excuse to dismiss something that might come between him and his music.”

“He overheard something and assumed that I was whoring around behind his back. Without asking me, or… trusting me.” The words came out with a bite and Ivor gave a comforting smile.

“Yes, I believe that’s true.” Ivor put his cigarette in his mouth and pulled a letter from his pocket - hotel stationary - he held it between two fingers and handed it to Ellis.

Ivor took a last drag of the cigarette, got up and stubbed it out.

“I just wanted to be sure of you before I gave this to you,” Ivor stated.

“Sure?” Ellis asked, turning the envelope over in his hands.

“That you were equally as interested and idiotic as Igor,” With that Ivor chuckled again and left.

*

Ellis,

Words don’t come as naturally to me as music, and there is nothing I could compose to convey how I feel.

When I first met you it was as I imagine it might be to meet one’s muse. For those few weeks we were together, I began composing something primal and raw, and I didn’t realise until you were gone that you took that composition with you.

When I say you were gone it sounds like you left, rather than I. But that was how it felt, because I allowed myself to believe the worst and blame you for the lose we both suffered as a result.

I just hadn’t realised until we met again that you had suffered too. I’m not wrong am I? There was something there, the beginnings of something that might have been rekindled if we wanted to try?

When we were intimate the other night I felt a connection to you as strong as the one I have to music. I felt inspired to pick up that elusive composition once more. And this terrified me. The thought that I might feel this and you might not. I hope that I was wrong.

I hope that you will stay.

I would beg your indulgence a little further and ask if you'd be willing to hear my apology in person after tonight's show. I will leave the door to my suite open for you, and I will know if you don't come, that this chance has been missed, and perhaps all future ones too.

With deep affection
Igor Stravinsky

*

Ellis's hands shook as he extended one to the door of Igor's suite. It had, as promised, been left ajar and he could hear the piano being played further in.

He took a deep breath before entering and unlatching the door, letting it close softly behind him.

The letter had hurt. It had brought him joy. And all the emotions in between. He had never considered himself a man that might settle, until the day he'd met Igor Stravinsky and heard his music, watched him perform. He was a god and Ellis found himself wanting to prostrate himself at his feet.

It had always been more than physical attraction. They somehow fit together in their gruff way, mismatched and matched in all the right ways that fit them together and had given them both hope of something more. As much as it had terrified both of them.

Yes, Ellis was sure he'd been just as petrified of this thing between them as Igor had been. He had even viewed Igor's leaving as a lucky escape at the time. Or he had told himself that, as he spent weeks weeping for the loss.

And now, there could be recriminations. Spats over how it came to this. But it felt like such a waste of time. All he wanted was Igor.

Ellis's heart was in his throat as he followed the music Igor made, leading him into the centre of the suite. Igor's hands flew over the keys like they were possessed. It might have seemed erratic or even unsettling, but he could hear each note chosen deliberately and played to perfection.

A particular section made Ellis let out an audible gasp and put a hand to his chest as though trying to keep his soul from leaving his body. This was why he had become a music journalist. He had no musical ability himself but he adored music, the way it made his heart sing.

It was one of the things that had attracted him to Igor all those years ago. His wondrous talent, his unique sound. The way he played Ellis like an instrument and pulled the most beautiful sounds from him too.

The gasp alerted Igor to his presence and he stopped abruptly, turning to look at Ellis. He was expecting a glare or a smile, he couldn't imagine anything in between. But instead the man was lost to the music still, his eyes unfixed and hazy. He saw Ellis but didn't acknowledge him, instead turning back to the piano and picking up a pen, writing notes onto the sheet in

front of him. The suite was almost entirely dark, a few low lights just enough to see by, just enough for Igor to write.

Ellis couldn't even help the stirring of his cock, witnessing the man creating. It wasn't something he would have considered arousing until that moment.

"I didn't mean to interrupt," Ellis said, for want of words to fill the air as he approached the piano.

"Then why did you?" Igor grumbled.

"I…" His witty bite backs seemed to have dried up and he found himself stood next to the piano. "Your letter."

Igor looked up at him, more himself now despite or perhaps because of the slightly crazed look in his eyes.

"Of course. Ellis… I apologise. I was lost in the… The Rites of Spring… It has been eluding me for years. It has been eluding me as long as you have."

With Igor looking up at him so intently, Ellis could barely catch his breath. This was who he was, music would always be his passion, but Ellis was sure it was worth finding out if he could be an equal passion for Igor.

"It's beautiful," He muttered, unable to resist leaning down and stealing a kiss.

Igor kissed him back for a brief moment before pulling away. They studied each other for a heartbeat, and he was sure Igor was warring with something inside himself. Perhaps his better judgement after all.

Ellis leaned in again and Igor drew away from him slightly, before letting out a whimper and surging forward, taking Ellis's mouth and kissing him patiently.

Ellis was already moaning into the kiss before Igor gripped his hips, holding him there next to him at the piano.

But it wasn't enough. Lord in heaven it wasn't enough. Ellis wanted everything he could take from this man.

He undid his belt and trousers, letting them fall to his ankles as he began to stroke himself, twice, three times, before reaching for Igor's belt.

Igor broke the kiss, his head dropping back as he groaned and he sat back in the chair, giving enough space between himself and the piano for Ellis to work. Ellis licked his lips as he pulled Igor's hardening cock free from his pants, not hesitating before sinking to his knees and taking it into his mouth.

It was an awkward angle but it didn't matter, this was far from his end goal. He wanted Igor inside him, wanted to feel the way the man had made him feel all those years ago.

Ellis made sloppy work of Igor's cock, wetting it thoroughly with his saliva, before he stepped out of his trousers, kicking off everything on his lower half and climbing over Igor.

Igor had closed his eyes as Ellis sucked him, but now they snapped wide open as Ellis took his cock in hand and sank down onto it. Pressed between Igor and the piano, Igor's arms snaked up his back as he watched, wordless and awed as Ellis took him in inch by inch.

The stretch was a wonderful sort of pain and Ellis made his body relax against the intrusion as he sank further down.

They were wordless other than the grunt Igor made as he bottomed out. Ellis moved his hips as encouragement, not sure he had enough purchase to pull up and down Igor's cock. Igor took the hint, burying his face in the crook of Ellis's neck as he planted his feet more firmly and began to thrust up into the man.

Each thrust was too good. It all just felt so unbelievably good that Ellis found himself crying the deeper Igor buried himself.

"Oh god, I need this, I need you," Ellis muttered, his tone almost commanding as Igor trembled beneath him.

"You have haunted my dreams," Igor replied before shifting slightly. The piano sounded, indignantly, as Ellis was reclined to the keys, allowing Igor a greater thrust.

Ellis cried out as Igor thrust so deep that he saw stars.

In any arrangement their bodies had fit as perfectly together as their strangely matched personalities, and the reminder brought tears to Ellis's eyes.

"Am I hurting you?" Igor asked, concerned as he began to still.

Ellis gripped hold of him tighter, "No, please, please don't stop…"

Igor nodded before pressing his forehead to Ellis's and continuing to draw desperate noises from both Ellis and the piano.

"Stay," Igor growled the request as he pulled one of Ellis's legs higher on his hip and thrust deeper still.

"Oh god," Ellis wept, "Igor, please…"

"Stay with me," Igor repeated, an edge of fear to his voice that betrayed his true concern.

"Yes," Ellis replied, nodding desperately.

Igor seemed spurred on, doubling his efforts as he drove Ellis almost entirely onto the piano. The sounds it produced were chaotic and he was in no little pain from the instrument digging into his back, but it was nothing to him.

Ellis clutched at Igor, meeting his thrusts as well he might until he was screaming. Igor was holding him tight, enough friction against his balls and cock to take him over the edge. He came in thick, hot spurts that painted them both.

Igor tightened his hold until he was near slamming Ellis down on his cock, grunting with each thrust as a counterpoint to Ellis's over-sensitised sobs.

Igor made three final thrusts, spilling on each with a grunt, until he stilled, panting and trembling.

"I need you to stay," Igor managed, breathlessly.

Ellis nodded, running his hands into Igor's hair, pulling their foreheads together.

"I'm on tour until the end of this leg, but I'm yours for as long as you want me."

*

Press and public alike were stunned today when Firebird front man Igor Stravinsky, announced his engagement to journalist Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, during the press call for the band's new album, Rites of Spring.

Stravinsky said that it felt right to do so given that Bartlett had been the inspiration behind the album, calling him his "muse".

The pair have been rumoured as a couple since the end of the band's sell out world tour two years ago, though our sources say they had met before this and were rekindling a one time fling.

When asked how he managed to bag a man reputed to call music his first and only love, Bartlett laughed and replied that he simply made Stravinsky love him as much as his music.

The happy couple are hoping for a spring wedding.

This is Phillip Schuler reporting for Tattler.

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